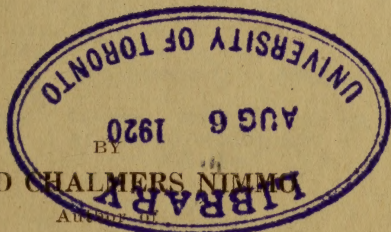


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THE AMERICAN EAGLE

A Song to the Genius
Of The American People

FROM CIVIC SONGS



BY DAVID CHALMERS NIMMO

"Nature Songs," "Home Songs," "Soul Songs," "Soldier
Songs," "Songs and Tales," etc.

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THE AMERICAN EAGLE

A SONG
TO THE GENIUS
OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Oh pinioned prince of heaven's wide expanse!
Oh citizen of kingdoms in the sky!
Oh dweller mid the solar lightning dance,
A spirit winged to soar and never die!
Oh mighty and resourceful soul of high-
Est emblematic power, and type divine
Of life's impassioned heart when it doth sigh
For liberty! Rich, rich prophetic sign
Of those regenerated states that lie
Far far beyond and yet upon us shine
The form and spirit life for which all nations pine!

From all great things in heav'n and earth and sea
That come to men appealing in their might,
This nation, when she rose among the free
Enfranchised governments of earth, caught sight
Of thy majestic power and with delight
Chose thy great soul that kindles and inspires.
The promised hope of man's ancestral right,
The strength and heat of Liberty's own fires,
The generations rising for the fight
And resurrection life's divine desires,
All fixed themselves on thee as symbol life requires.

And thou hast borne the heart and hope and life,
And more than these, the rich maternal dream
That brings to birth and nourishes through strife
With noblest works as patriot prophets deem.
And thou dost bear beyond all hopes that gleam
To selfish, insane, blind and stagg'ring nations.
Yea! Virtues more within thy bosom teem
To lift beyond time's proud ancestral stations

I am seeking a publisher for both poetry and prose who will even look at the product and accept or reject according as it is or is not a real contribution to American song and life. D.C.N.

Than most of thine own worshipers can theme.
In thee is life and ideal state creations
Though thou wert born and bred from time's mad desecrations.

Who would not then, pause, lift and feed his eye
Upon thy form of majesty and power!
Thou hast dominion o'er the azure sky
And all beneath her rich concaving bower.
Thou art exalted on the glorious hour
Of noon and thy descending spirits claim
Ascending souls. No sun upon his tower
Nor interswinging worlds, nor any fame
Of earthly seas or mountains cast a lower
On thee, for elemental passions flame
Within thy mighty heart and overflow thy frame.

Which frame is in the vast proportions
Of those mighty things that base the universe.
Thy organ and the members seem distortions
To puny man and all he doth disburse,
Or like expansive clouds the mountains verse
Upon their summits or some exhalation
From the deeps of plumbless ocean. The nurse
That brought thee forth to wing the wide creation
Spaces made thee a form in which to pursue
The genius of a most resourceful nation,
A most imperial form for most empyreal station.

And beauty too as great things always are
She cast within thy full and flowing heart,
Which ever bursts the dull material bar
And splendors like the morning doth impart.
All lines swing out to strength and scorning art
Doth rise into the solemn and sublime
Of beauty. Though nature's sober shades oft dart
From thee across these rainbow clouds the prime
Armorial robe thou never long canst bart
Is that that most befits thy sunny clime,
The golden golden robe like to the king of time.

Thy head is like the summit of a tower
And rests upon thy conelike neck as pride
Doth poise herself in an immortal hour.
A sword courageous doth thy beak deride

The service of the shield and hast supplied
A more than all protecting helmet. Thy tail
So like a fan projecting roof doth guide
Or aid thy course wherever thou dost sail.
Just underneath thy sworded talons hide
Their steel-like prongs which tyrants do bewail
But thou dost never use until thy patience fail.

What lightning bolts are fixed within thy eyes,
And far behind an incandescent fire
That all before that deep and distant lies
Can see and search without the least desire!
What muscled, boa-constrictor coils doth wire
Thy sinuous neck and what potentials rest
Within the batteries that never tire,
Projecting from thy broad and bulwarked breast!
Thy massive and torpedic frame doth sire
The flying dreams the aeronaut has blessed,
And all around with more than ironclad armor dressed.

But Oh thy wings, thy mighty matchless wings,
That with resistless power strike mortal sight!
When folded down like armorplate each flings
A steel resisting sense, and doth bedight
Thy all dynamic heart as with two bright,
Immense and most invulnerable shields.
Extended to the width of their delight
They seem two fans the morning spirit wilds
To chase afar the phantoms of the night;
Two mighty wings across the azure fields
To wake the purer winds to which all nature yields.

But Oh thy wings, thy mighty matchless wings,
The wings like which imagination's hour
Can give no image but the spirit things
Enthroned upon their own immortal dower!
The cloudy wings that doth bedight high heav'n's bower
And shade the sun upon his noonday throne,
The massive planet wings of glorious power
On which our own ecliptic souls have flown,
The all triumphant wings that doth devour
The passion heart that for them ever moan
Are bound upon thy soul and bound on thee alone.

But Oh thy wings, thy mighty matchless wings
Of conquering, omnipotential might!
On which Liberty with perpendicular springs
Doth poise herself upon the heightless height.
The world-soul wings that with a fierce delight
Resmite earth's airs with such terrific strife
The hoary headed tyrannies of night
Are stricken down as by a lightning knife!
The wings on which divine eternal right
With all her passion fountain heart holds rife
Ascends unto her throne to rule the spheres of life.

But Oh thy wings, thy mighty matchless wings,
The wings which bear ten thousand burdened years
And all the hosts of men and travailing things
Who groaned in heart and wept their crimson tears!
The wings on which the patriot's visioned spheres
Soar up the steep inviting heights of heaven
And find a course where nevermore he fears
This selfishness and these dark storms of levin!
The wings on which when highest heaven hears
The cry of new born souls on earth with seven-
Fold speed descends to them with swift and ripe replevin!

But Oh thy wings, thy mighty matchless wings,
Of deep and inconceivable delight,
On which the patriot lives, the poet sings
And all life's virtues ride upon the height!
The wings that with an all sustaining might
Doth bear aloft the state into the skies
Intact from time's conagion, and with a flight
That draweth forth the world's unfathomed cries!
Oh everlasting wings that sail the bright
Noontide dominions, and yet doth higher rise
Into the altitudes that still more vitalize!

What domains of boundless space are thine—
The celestial and untraveled wide expanse—
The unobstructed openness and divine
Immortal reaches beyond all mortal glance—
Height, depth and length and breadth that doth entrance
The high desires that worship thee on earth—
A sightless and unthinkable advance
In the recess of heaven's solemn mirth—

An empire far above the daily dance
Of mortal things and all we hold of worth,
Infinite, eternal and thine unto its girth!

An infinite, eternal, vast domain
The golden sun with an effulgence bright
Doth fill and flood and evermore sustain
With transcendental energies of light!
What blinding radiant streams pour from the height
And steep with an immortal life all space
And multitudinous hosts! Oh what a sight
Of new and most majestic splendors grace
The broad horizons of morning and of night!
What rainbow dreams and golden hopes embrace
Their spirits from the sun and through thy kingdoms race!

What pure ethereal spirit atmospheres
Of elemental essences did feed
The youthful heart of thy victorious years!
Thy glorious all sustaining azures breed
In thee and all that hold thy sacred creed
The source and sense of immortality.
The infinite eternal powers that lead
The earth upward with lavish impartiality
Have through thy kingdom's length and breadth been freed.
All things that are in most intense reality
Thy kingdom feeds and thee near heaven's wide portality.

And from the earth hast thou not gathered strength?
Though like the type of European power
Thy birth and breed was in the breadth and length
Of this new continent. Long long ere our
Short history far up thy firmamental bower
Thou didst drink the elemental energies
Of this new world. Thou didst absorb the dower
Of forests, mountains, plains and all that is
From sea to sea. The visions fair that tower
Beyond the strife and passion so amiss
Fed thy impassioned heart with far prophetic bliss.

In thy young days the world soul's mighty zest
Passed into thee with those titanic powers
That sweep the earth where Nature has expressed
Herself in vastest amplitudes. The towers

Of thunder storms and lightning bolted bowers
Of trembling heav'n were thy supreme delight
And thou didst breast the fierce tempestuous hours
Till they retired disastered from the fight.
The cyclone and mad blizzard that devours
With hungry greed did congregate their might
Yet right into their teeth was thy unwearied flight.

The rich potentialities of strength
From these yet unconfederated states—
Protectorate of ample breadth and length
That marches on to what thy soul creates
For it—how oft, how often it elates
To passion's most immortal measure!
Thou sawest it before its infant dates
And sported with its elements at leisure.
Thou sawest growth and struggles with the weights
Of tyranny, and Oh thy thrills of pleasure
That this new promise held the earth's sublimest treasure!

So on the nation's bright auspicious morn
Thou wert in glorious emancipation;
And in thy unadopted state hadst borne
To earth the patriot's visions of the sun
To front the far oppressors, and thus begun
The endless strife for man's ancestral right.
Thou didst guide the raw colonials the one
Enfranchised path the bravest must bedight
With life and death. Their crimson blood did run
Into the earth before the noonday height
But soul rose to the sky and did with thine unite.

On this republic young as on a birth
Divine and sheltered from aristocratic
Pride, as on the chosen most prophetic mirth
The mother great e'er bore, thy ecstatic
Visions fed themselves e'en with sabbatic
And minnennial dreams. As years renursed
The child of hope and a new world emphatic
Soul of ripe resourceful growing nature burst
Within them thou didst scorn all ancient Attic
Greatness, and hov'ring o'er, thy soul unpursed
More democratic life and fed its spirit's thirst.

The nation grew. The peaceful years of rest
Filled up the land and from it forth did spring
A race of men new spirits high possessed,
Great commoners each greater than a king,
Pure elemental natures have a swing
Of majesty and round them they create
The glorious dreams of splendor bright that wing
Upon the visions. Such inspirations great
Our adolescent years on thee did fling,
Exalted dreams of cosmopolitan state
That led thy spirit far where none with thee could mate.

But thy enraptured and delirious hour
Was when the North arose and all earth's frame
Trembled and convulsed beneath thy looks of power.
Thy presence then like an unbodied flame
Swept o'er the states and kindled in all tame
Inheritors the fierce resistless fires
Of liberty. The low, obscurest name
Rose up to manhood's high heroic ires,
Consumed to death before the darkest shame
That hell did ever cast on earth. The sires
Had resurrection life with thy new fed desires.

When forth they went, then at their hopeful head
Thy lightning form did into action guide,
Or down the front thy mighty wings outspread
For dearer than thy unforsaken bride
Are loyal hearts to thee. Though death did ride
Thee down at first thou art unconquerable most
When storms and strength thy mighty struggles hide.
Again, again, again, against the hell supported boast
Thy lightning face burst on them, till terrified
They fled from thee by river, plain and coast
And left thee torn but proud of thy enfranchised host.

And even yet o'er those triumphant fields
Thy spirits pause and drink renewing might
Such place and men unto all virtue yields.
The consecrated times and spots that light
A nation's path through foul engendering night
Are ever found where life's unselfish fell
To bring the nobler state. Such place is bright
Forever more and there the passions swell

And spirit stands in godlike grace and height.
When there we look into the azure bell
Thy form doth on us flash with most immortal spell.

At length was burst the hemispherical bound,
The State became a cosmopolitan power.
Then when the Union stood up souled and gowned
To lead the world, to mould and reendower,
This azure deep and sun effulgent bower
Was living with thy screams of wild delight
And from thy unseen summits on the hour
Fell prophecies of vaster scope and height.
The glory of a nation is a flower
That never grows in pompous pride and might;
It high inspires the world, defends and guides it right.

Thou dost sweep the boundaries of the nation;
Along the great lakes and forty-ninth line
Thou sailest low with calmest meditation.
Down the Pacific coast thy watchful eyne
Notes every point with purposes divine.
Across the state and Gulf of Mexico
A heavy weight upon thy spirits pine,
But up the strong Atlantic coast the glow
Of life in each metropolis like wine
Renews thy heart, and there thou dost bestow
New portions of thy life in thy soul's overflow.

Then straight across with motions calm and slow
Thy matchless form doth stately take her way
And close to earth as if it fain would know
The trifles mere that on her line doth lay.
Thy searching eyes with their incessant play
See every city, hamlet, field and stream
And every nook that hardly sees the day.
From east to west as goes the golden gleam
Of heav'n and back unto the Pilgrim's bay
Thy flight oft goes and more than we can dream
Is gathered up to feed the hopes that in thee teem.

Then from the north, the vital growing north,
Where thou dost pause and turn unto the pole
As to invite their fury to burst forth,

Then amply to the south but all thy soul
Reading the earth unto its heart, the whole
Resourceful fund of that maternal plain
And treasures vast of silver, iron and coal
The mountain ranges hide in many a vein.
From north to south and back again as roll
The mighty waters so thou art often fain
To sail and full survey the nation's heart and brain.

Circuitous flights oft go from state to state,
Especially where the representatives
Are council gathered to deliberate
The course and deed which has life's high ascensives.
Upon some near and mighty throne that gives
Thee sun inspection thy penetrating eyes
Doth more than read the selfishness that lives
Behind the veil and in the slim disguise
Of politics. From thy celestial sieves
Chaff flutters down. Corruption ever dies.
The eternal wheat of life doth more eternal rise.

Around these teeming hives of population
Thy kindly flight doth take another course.
Philadelphia and New York's congregation
Thou hov'rest o'er. To thee Boston the source
Of life is life. Then those the lakes endorse,
Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago
And Milwaukee thy heart doth reinforce.
The twin cities, Seattle, San Francisco,
Denver, New Orleans and St. Louis course
Thy blood afresh. Homeward thou dost go
Viewing Cincinnati, Pittsburg and Baltimore aglow.

O'er college towns thou pausest in thy flight
And searchest here for those immortal hopes
Which thou canst stir with virtue's golden might
To lead the state that often blindly gropes
Or staggers and is lost upon the slopes
Of life. The spirit of intelligence
Is close and kin to thee and ever opes
The eyes and feeds the heart with such intense
Perceptions pure and wise, life's selfish dopes
Which ever blind the creatures of the sense
Can never blind her sons though storms are dark and dense.

Thy common course is in the altitudes
Sublime of azure and the golden sun.
Upon these heights thy spirit lives and broods
Upon the nation, and more since it begun
Those circling sweeps of triumph that run
Like an ascending cone straight toward the throne
Of noonday. What victorious trophies won
From time and tyrants thine! What dreams are shown
To thy prophetic future sight! What nation
Like the nation thy high ideal own
And histories divine when these have been outgrown.

These dreams and visions, prosperity and peace
Create unrest for earth encircling flight
To feed thy soul that ever doth increase,
For thy victorious citizens which the light
Of thine own glorious nature doth bedight
In giant stature, strength and character
Now travel all the earth. The time is right
To circumnavigate the globe, to stir
To life the slumb'ring nations of the night,
To wake the dead and on the quick confer
The blessings more divine than frankinsense and myrrh.

Then once around and far aloft on high—
With one vast sweep of all beholding sight—
With one vast tide of life that feeds thy eye
And faith sustaining heart—with one vast might
That girds thy frame with omnipotential right,
Then in the splendors of the setting sun
Thou dost depart. But as thy soul of light
Descends the steps of heav'n the watching nation
Beholds the west so insupportably bright
Some age anew seems gloriously begun
Such sunlike visions flame of what may yet be won.

As thou dost near the Asiatic shore
And hov'rest o'er the teeming populations
Of life's benumbing customs from the hoar
Antiquities, divinest agitations
Scarcely stir for thy enthroned creations
Are strange and far to their uplifted eyes.
All that thou art on thy celestial stations
Of spirit liberty but just supplies

A dumb and sightless stare. E'en on such nations
Some spirit sparks thou rainest from the skies
Some unborn hero souls to wake and energize.

Still sailing west from thy sublime survey
Beholdest thou the breasted tyrannies
Of Europe's far horizon. Thou obscurest day
For them for their deformed indignities
On human kind awakes the wrath that is
Within thy crimson soul and lightnings' dash
Upon the crimson principalities.
Through phantom night black monster Fear doth lash
The throne and powers down down the dark abyss.
Within the trodden, sparkless, lifeless ash
A dream that fell from thee doth life electric flash.

But farther west—Oh what a boundless shout
Doth shake the earth as nations that conceived
And cradled Liberty in many a rout
By land and sea and mount have now relieved
The transcendental energies received
From thy great soul of infinite delight!
Their spirits mount to thee as stones are heaved
Aloft by hot omnipotential might
Of earth's volcanic heart, or as a grieved
Emancipator sees the vision bright,
Attracted is or flies to thee upon the height.

England, the mother of the modern world,
The first defense of man's inherent right,
The Gibraltar strength that oft has hurled
The tyrants and the tyrannies of night
Plumb down the gulf, is so shaken by the sight
Of thy congenial spirit her foundations
Seem to break from Europe's chain of might.
By thy inspire and glorious exaltations
Even her dead arise. In armor bright
With mighty shouts that shake her sister nations
They watch the western flight of thy world ambulations.

Oh never yet did morning's opening eyes
Behold the sun ascend the restless ocean
With gladder hearts than when thy sons arise
To welcome thee from thy long ceaseless motion

That resteth not but with thy heart's devotion.
Traffic, pleasure, prosperity and pride
Enchanted are, and every common notion
Doth yield its place unto the mighty tide
That swelleth up with infinite emotion.
What gratitude and admiration ride
To meet thee on thy course and follow at thy side!

Then straight to Washington. Upon the cloud-
Like height of that renowned Corinthian
Pillar raised for thee thy mighty wings are bowed
To rest again among thy closest kin.
That congregated host which thou dost win
Look not to thee with more divine desires
Than thou on them and theirs, for not within
The whole round earth are better sons and sires
Or freer states though all are touched by sin.
Not yet are we as thou and thine inspires,
Yet here thy bosom feels most kindred to thy fires.

Again when sailing in the morning's smile
Millions of children round their parents pace.
They search the sky. A something doth beguile.
There is a speck. It grows and now they trace
Its form. It is thy soul. Great shouts embrace
The vision new on life's young infant eyes;
But thou descendest and thy celestial grace
Burns on the soul the soul that in thee lies.
How oft, how oft along their mortal race
They watch the azure splendors of the skies
Where though for moments lost thy presence on them flies!

When two score seasons into music chime
And give the soul distentions of the years,
With knowledge of the tyrannies of time
And gratitude's divine unbidden tears,
With service to thy spirit in the spheres
And love to all that makes thee what thou art,
With faith above whatever now appears
They stand again and on the skies they chart
Thy form and flight. A state diviner rears
Itself and feeds from thy sustaining heart
True spirit liberty, and all thou dost impart.

Once more they stand with four-score winter snows
Upon their heads and lift their eyes to thee,
For in their hearts thy kindred spirit glows
And maketh age the dawn of immortality.
Once more before they pass away to be
The citizens of that ideal state
Of strength and truth and love and purity
That somewhere must unbosom wide its gate
Among the stars of vast eternity,
They solemn stand and their spirits satiate
With thy immortal powers no night of death can weight.

As once at Gettysburg there stood the great
Heroic figure of a hundred years
And round him close his ministers of state
And soldier chiefs rejoicing though in tears,
Aloft they looked and through a cloud of fears
They form they then beheld in glorious flight
Straight toward the sun or toward the blinded spheres
That brighter shine beyond the noonday's sight.
Though blood and death upon their eyes and ears
The prophet's eyes in vastest lines of light
Sought then to map thy course upon the boundless height.

So would the soul of the regenerated state
Which has been born and fed and fired by thee
Now penetrate the veil and antedate
The triumphs and the courses yet to be.
But Oh alas! The sad infirmity
Of time's destructive selfishness doth blind
And stay the visions of eternity.
What is to be is curtained from the mind
Of hope and all but those who live to see.
Still deep desire within a course has signed
Of presence, power and rule within our human kind.

Drink deep, drink deep the radiance of the morn!
Baptize thee in the east and western sea!
The north and south pass into thee unshorn
And in the sun thy flight still nearer be!
The elemental essences that free
Themselves upon the azure altitudes
Absorb them all in thrice-fold purity!
Be thou forever throned where Liberty broods

Upon the times of high futurity!
Cast golden hopes and dreams against all fueds
To sing unto the earth millennial interuldes.

Where e'er the sight of life's enthroned oppressor
In all the earth shall strike thy blindless eyes,
Wherever Freedom rises the redressor
To sell herself a pure self-sacrifice,
Behold, behold! And from thy azure skies
Let lightning blasting bolts fall on thy foes
And free the accumulated curse that flies
An avalanche of wrath that overthrows
The purple dynasties! Oh energize
Life's births divine with richest overflows
Than they have ever dreamed or strongest mortal knows!

The barriers break that narrow circumscribe
Thy territorial lines, and emancipate
Thy spirit's domination to every tribe
Of vast unguarded earth, though their estate
Be high or low! The whole terrestrial weight
Of spirit empire lead, and be the breast
And mighty heart whose passions palpitate
The citizens of the world! Be thou possessed
Of life's enlarging soul and thou it mate
With cosmopolitan Kingdoms of the blest,
Still leading up the world unto its final rest!

Then far aloft within the golden sun
Thy spirit's circles in a course diurnal
Around the globe forever more Oh run!
Enkindle in earth's hosts the high maternal
Inspirations to write life's daily journal
And nurture up the godlike mind and breast
Of immortality! Create the vernal
Recreations within but half expressed
And liberated man! The great supernal
Soul of splendor with pure effulgence blest
Upon thy world and works forevermore will rest!

1905.

THE DREAM

Dream, Oh dream, Oh living dream!
That upon our visions stream,
Art thou real or only seem?
Just an image, word or line
With a breath of life divine
And a robe of rainbow shine.
Just a fancy flimsy dressed,
Glimpse or gleam of some guessed,
Vision, flash or brightness blest.
Neither flesh nor blood nor bone;
Just the frailest phantom known,
Spirit by the zephyr blown
Round the world to every zone;
But divine celestial thing
Thou dost live upon the wing
And forever shine and sing.

Born within a poet's soul
When life's distant shining goal
On his lifted eye-balls roll.
He first brought thee from the height,
Brought thee through the strife of night,
Birth of beauty and delight.
In his heart as in a fire
He immersed thee, and thy sire
Gave thy heart his best desire;
Then thee kissed thy father nurse,
On thy lips he left a verse
Sweeter than the larks unpurse.
Smiled he beauty on thy face,
Like the presence of that grace
Which his passions ever chase.

Spirit beautiful to sight!
Only feeling, form and light,
Yet a power in day and night.
Dwelling in the azure clime,
Sun or starry birth of time
Thou hast magic most sublime.
Shining in the morning hour,

Standing on the noonday tower,
Walking mid the twilight bower;
On the world's immortal heart
Like a bride in flowers thou art,
Dreams within the dreams that start.
Hope and joy and purity,
Wisdom and her children free,
See and love and follow thee.

Man though pompous, swift and proud
Passes like a flying cloud
Wrapped unconscious in his shroud.
All his works of fame and power
Follow him in just an hour
Down time's phantom shadowed bower.
Mountains crumble and decay
Seas to vapor pass away,
Earth herself grows cold and gray.
Even suns of splendor bright
Empty in the void their light
And like cinders circle night.
All is passing or will pass
Like the figures in a glass,
Worlds and men, alas! alas!

But, Oh dream, thou canst not die!
Thy immortal heart and high
Defiest all beneath the sky.
Nature with her lightning knife
And her elemental strife
Cannot even touch thy life.
Can the blindness, grief and greed
Which to death this human feed
Prove contagious to thy breed?
Can the time that conquest flings
Over ages, empires, kings,
Vanquish thee on azure wings?
Far above all strife and time,
Royal, princely, pure and prime,
Livest thou with life sublime.

Like an angel in the earth
Beautiful as at her birth,
Radiant and benign in mirth,

Thou are flying up and down
And all beauties that thee crown
Unveilest free to king and clown.
Thy rich alabaster heart
Breaks with passion to impart
All that makes thee what thou art—
Kisses sweet, celestial kisses,
Blisses pure, unblighting blisses,
And the love man ever misses.
Heaven's height and matchelss grace
Shines upon thy glorious face
Like an angel to our race.

Mother of more dreams divine,
Thou dost on our spirits shine
Till for higher love we pine.
Thou dost light the heart and mind
And our nobler spirits find
By the visions that us blind.
Thou dost enter, lift and nurse
The hope of this vast universe
By thy face and heart's unpurse.
Worlds within our world are built,
Free from sorrow, fear and guilt,
Where thou rulest as thou wilt.
Thou dost fashion, form and crown.
With high heaven's royal gown,
Virtue, beauty and renown.

Dream, Oh dream, Oh living dream,
That upon our visions stream,
Shine, Oh shine in brighter gleam!
Surely thou art from the heart
Whence divinest things all start,
Just a smile of life thou art.
Falling on these sightless eyes,
Who but mounteth to the skies
By the passions pure that rise?
Onward, onward we are led
Where the dream and deed are wed,
And with love forever fed.
Still upon our visions gleam
Like the beauty whence ye stream!
Dream, Oh dream, Oh living dream!

